

BOSTON RECORDER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1843.

ANDOVER THEO. SEMINARY.

The exercises at the 35th *Anniversary* of this *Institution* will take place on **WEDNESDAY** next, Sept. 6th. On the **MONDAY** evening preceding, the *Porter Rhetorical Society* will hold their *Annual Meeting*. An Address before this *Society* will be delivered on **TUESDAY**, A. M. by Prof. **TAYLER LEWIS**, of New York city. On **TUESDAY**, P. M. Rev. **WILLARD CHILD**, of Norwich, Ct. will deliver the *Annual Sermon* before the *Alumni*. In the evening, the usual exercises of the *Society of Inquiry*, respecting *Missions*, will take place.

A public meeting on the subject of *Home Missions* will be held in the *South Meeting House*, *Andover*, on **Sabbath** evening next, Sept. 3d. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. **MILTON BAGG** and Rev. Dr. **BACon**.

WHY SO FEW THINK?

Because they were never taught. They ought to have been; but those who stood at the helm, and might have guided the ship aright, either did not know how, or were unwilling to do it. They were taught a variety of accomplishments, more or less valuable, but the immensely valuable one of command over their own thoughts was omitted. They cannot bend their minds to any one subject for a sufficient time to give it a powerful hold upon them. They can *read and talk*, but they cannot *think*. And deeply to be reprehended is that system of education which, whatever else it may teach, does not teach people to think. Having thoughts, and thinking, in the present acceptance of the word, are very different things. No human mind can be without thoughts. They will pass to and fro in the mind. But thinking is exercising power over the trains of thought which pass through the mind. It is power of directing them to definite and important objects. It impels holding the mind chained to a subject till it is mastered, and the mind acquires what is to be known concerning it.

2. Many do not think because it is hard work. Thinking to good purpose is not a *waking reverie* of the mind, the passage through it of whatever may chance to arise. But real thinking implies exertion. The thoughts are gathered in from their wanderings, placed upon a valuable subject, and compelled to remain there. Every solicitation to turn aside is steadily repelled. Every intruding thought is promptly rebuked and dismissed. Now all this implies effort, and because it does, thousands do not think.

3. Many refuse to think because it is painful. Thoughtlessness is their element in consequence of the state of moral character. The mind fixes from one object to another, and busies itself with every variety that can excite and please, so as to escape self-reflection. To turn the thoughts home, and make moral character and prospects the objects of deep consideration, would be to rouse conscience and produce self-condemnation. They had rather be any where else than at home, and go any where else than into their own hearts.

"When all more equally," says *Pascal*, "nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all, by common consent, run into vice, none appear to do so." He that stirs first views from a fixed point, the horrible extravagance that transports the rest."

Let every Christian make the glorious and spotless example of Christ the object of his fixed contemplation. He will thus learn the nature and amount of his wanderings from God. The mass around him are moving with him, so that he may be received as respects his own direction. But fix the mind on Christ, and there will be no mistake. That splendid luminary, the Sun of Righteousness, shines with a steady brightness. Beholding it, the soul will understand in own character. He that most carefully considers Christ, will easily and clearly see his own deficiencies.

REV. STEPHEN WILLIAMS STEBBINS.

This venerable servant of God, who died at West Haven, Conn. Aug. 15, was born in Longmeadow, June 26, 1758. His parents, highly respected for their virtues, lived to advanced years, and rejoiced not only in the youthful promise, but in the matured age and piety of their only son. His maternal grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, whose praise was in all the churches during his life, and who died in the 89th year of his age, and the 66th of his ministry. This was a man, who feared God with all his house. And under the hallowing influence of such an ancestry, the subject of the present notice received his youthful training. He was early dedicated to God in the ordinance of baptism, and was diligently taught, both by precept and example, to "walk in the Lord blameless." He was never permitted to be absent from the house of God on the Sabbath, though living at the distance of four or five miles from it; and was required at the close of the day, to give a full and succinct account of the sermons that had been delivered. And while moral education was in harmony with this single specimen of it. The consequence was, that his youth was marked by uniform propriety of conduct, by the most respectful deference to parental authority, by habits of industry, by diligent attention to the improvement of his mind, and the cultivation of those social virtues that continued to shine conspicuously in all his subsequent life.

His conversion to God occurred in the 16th or 17th year of his age, and in the following year, after much prayerful reflection and earnest self-examination, he connected himself with the visible church. It was not till he had given his heart to God, that he determined to acquire a public education, and that too, with direct reference to the gospel ministry. His classical studies were prosecuted with zeal and success, and in 1782, he graduated with honor at Yale College, when a little more than 24 years of age. The discouragements of his course were not few. His parents were not in affluent circumstances, and could render him but little aid; and no society then existed for the gratuitous education of indigent and pious youth. The Revolutionary war was in progress. College was partially broken up, and its officers and students were compelled to take refuge in the interior of the State, from the ravages of the enemy. Notwithstanding all this, however, his heart was fixed; he patiently toiled at his studies, and his parents were greatly pleased with his progress.

He pursued his theological studies under the direction of Dr. *Wales*, who was then or subsequently the eminent Professor of Divinity in

Yale; and was licensed in due time to preach the gospel. Nor had he sooner entered the pulpit, than his well known character for talents, amiability, and piety, secured him universal acceptance in the congregations that enjoyed his labors. Simultaneous calls for settlement were tendered him by the church in Stratford, Conn., and the church in Longmeadow, his native town, then left vacant by the decease of his venerated grandfather. Strong as the inducements were to the acceptance of the latter call—and they were all but irresistible—he resolved to decline it, under the conviction that a prophet not without honor except in his own country and among his own kind. In Stratford, he faithfully labored 29 years, but saw not all those fruits of his labors which his heart desired, and requested a dismission, much to the surprise and regret of his people. He afterwards took charge of the church and congregation in West Haven, where he passed the last 28 years of his life, doing good unto all men who had opportunity and ability, enjoying frequent and precious revivals of religion, and securing to himself the unbounded confidence and the warm affections of all who knew him.

As a man, Mr. *Stebbins* was one of the most finished pieces of nature's workmanship. His erect and noble form, his bland and expressive countenance, his well-balanced mind, and his warm social sensibilities, left on all who knew him an indelible impression of moral dignity and worth. The law of kindness was ever on his tongue. And as a counsellor, a friend, a helper, none applied to him in vain, whether high or low, rich or poor, bond or free. Doing good, or promoting the happiness of others, was the element in which he lived—it was his "heaven upon earth." And in every relation of life he was singularly sympathetic, active, devoted, and successful in the fulfillment of his obligations.

As a disciple, and a minister of Jesus Christ, he was distinguished by *humility*. Like Paul, he deemed himself unworthy "to be called an apostle," and ranked himself among "the least of all saints," and with the utmost sincerity confessed himself "the chief of sinners." The most childlike simplicity, and unaffected distrust of his own powers and graces, marked his entire intercourse with ministerial brethren and Christian friends. Nor was he less *self-denying*. Though no man ever relished the pleasures of life more than he, nor indulged them with more impunity to health, yet cheerfully could he forego them at the call of duty, and subject himself to privations, and to severe labors, when the welfare of man and the honor of Christ clearly demanded it. He was full of *condescension*; and, to; and equally accessible to the lowliest of his flock as to others—always ready to listen to the tale of distress, and give such relief as was in his power to those who were despaired, and even justly regarded as the scoffing of all things. His life and conversation were *disinterestedly pure*. "Holiness to the Lord" was written on all he possessed, on all he did, on all he said, and on all he devised. So "by manifestation of the truth," he commanded himself to every man's conscience—not handling the word of God deceitfully, but by sound doctrine convincing gainsayers, and declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men would hear or forbear. And yet he was a man of great catholicism, and made no one an offender for a word, and gladly embraced in the arms of affection all who bore the image of Christ without regard to name, or rites of worship. And rarely is so much of the wisdom of the serpent combined with the innocence of the dove, in those conflicts inseparable from an evangelical ministry, as was the case of *Stebbins*. And again, of all the other, as was *witnessed* in him. In all the scenes he had to encounter, he never lost the meekness of his spirit, nor indulged in acrimonious censure of those who contended against him, but labored only to "outreach them, outwit them, and outlive them."

During the last six months of his life, under accumulating infirmities, the vigor of his constitution gave way, and he gradually sank into the arms of the messenger sent to conduct him to his Father's house. Much of this period was devoted to self-examination, prayer, and the study of the scriptures, with reference to his personal interest in the great salvation. This indeed was not a new occupation with him—but it was conducted with increased solemnity and earnestness, under the conviction that his end was drawing nigh. And now, even more than in earlier days, he saw the holiness of God, the spirituality and extent of the divine law, the worthlessness and guilt of his own works, in aspects so clear and affecting, as to fill him at times with trepidation and gloom. But faith sustained him still. His eye turned upward, obediently to the injunction, "Look unto me"—and he smiled, bowed, and triumphed. "I would not live always," said he; and, "into the hands of Jesus I commit my body and spirit, my children and my people, resolute that he will do with all that is right." The last words he uttered were those of prayer for the flock he was leaving behind him—and sweetly smiling on the children who stood by his bed-side, he closed his eyes on all things here—fell into a quiet slumber, and a few hours after, without a struggle or a groan, ceased to breathe, and awoke beyond a doubt to the light of the glory that surrounds the throne of the Lamb.

It is time, however, that we turn from the reflections and emotions suggested by this occasion to the exercises connected with it. On the Sabbath evening preceding, the "Theological Society" and "Society of Inquiry," were addressed by the toil-worn veteran, the Rev. Dr. *Beecher*, formerly of New England, now of Ohio. On the morning of Wednesday, at half past 8, the "Society of Alumni" met in the College chapel, and was called to order, and addressed in a very felicitous and pleasing manner, by the President, the Hon. *Judge Morris*, of Springfield. The graduates being called to report themselves, it was found that of some of the early classes, none were present. The second class, that of 1796, was as that of '98 and '99 and some others, was represented by a single member only, others were by two, three, &c. while of some of the later classes six, eight or ten were present—making in all upwards of two hundred graduates.

At 10 o'clock, a procession was formed in front of the chapel, the several classes being placed in the order of their graduations, and all marched to the church, which was soon filled to overflowing. His Honor Judge *Bettis*, of the city of New York, having been elected President of the Society of Alumni, took the chair, being supported on the right and left by His Excellency the Governor and His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth. After appropriate singing by the choir, and prayer, the Rev. Dr. *Hopkins*, Pres. of the College delivered an Address of nearly an hour and a half in length, which from beginning to end chained the attention of the whole assembly. We quote the remarks of the editor of the *Mercy*, in announcing his determination to his readers:—

"After much consideration we have determined to try the experiment of abolishing Sunday work in the *Mercy* Office. Our Monday morning's paper will henceforth be made up on Saturday, with a postscript head, under which

will be given all important news by Sunday's mail. Our customers, if they approve the plan, will send in their advertisements on Saturday. We hope the community will sustain us in a move which we consider of real importance to the comfort and character of those we employ. We should have adopted it long since, but for the want of assurance on this point, and we do not, without anxiety as to the result. To all others we present, on the day of rest, are set apart for sacred objects in accordance with the general religious faith of the community—why should it be to us a day even of unusual labor and care? To others it is a day of devotion and religious instruction—why should printers, alone, be deprived of its good influences, of its rest, its support, its instructions? It is a double one. A large portion of them employed in the *Mercy* are boys and young journeymen, with unformed characters. After a week of severe labor and confinement, they are thrown upon their own resources for amusement on Saturday, when everybody else is busy. Is it strange if they are tempted to dissipation, and if in a course of time, this circumstance will have exerted the most pernicious influence upon their characters? We have to deplore the fatal effects of too many of this *Society's* labor and Saturday rest; and if there were no other reason for the change we would attempt it for the sake of the printers alone. But there are many others—obvious and cogent reasons, that will be present to every one's mind, and that we need not enumerate. We shall use every exertion, that the change may not impair in any respect the interest or usefulness of our paper—and in the full confidence that we are forwarding an important and much needed reform, we rely on the approbation and support of the community."

(From a Correspondent.)

ANNIVERSARY AND COMMENCEMENT AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

The *Semi-Centennial Anniversary* of Williams College was celebrated on the 16th and 17th of the present month. Fifty years having elapsed since this Institution came into being in its present form, many of her sons, her patrons and other friends assembled to join in the festivities of the occasion. Arrangements had been made by the Society of Alumni, at the Commencement a year ago, the "Jubilee" had been announced, and now from different and the far distant States of the Union came up the sons of "Williams," with greetings to their "Alma Mater," and greetings and kind welcome to each other.

One of the noblest sea views furnished by any part of this coast, is that which can be enjoyed from the Lighthouse in this town. This is one of the most costly edifices of the kind on the coast. It is built of stone. The lantern deck is about fifty feet from the ground, and is reached by a circular flight of steps entirely of iron. The eminence on which it is placed, is the highest on that part of the coast. Northward and Eastward spread before you the vast Atlantic, enlivened, at the time we viewed it, with countless vessels, and quietly reposing its greatness beneath a splendid sun, and barely ruffled at intervals by passing puffs of air.

(From a Correspondent.)

COMMENCEMENT AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

The exercises were commenced on Tuesday afternoon, 13th, with an address before the Philanthropic Society, by Hon. **GEORGE S. MARSH**, of Burlington. His theme was the Gothic and Roman elements of the English Mind, and the Moral and Intellectual character of New England, as modified and distinguished from that of the Gothic element. It was a most interesting and instructive address, to see these men of a former generation, who when they parted from each other on this same fondly remembered spot, walked erect with firm and elastic step, their countenances beaming with intelligence and hope, as they pressed each other's hands and went forth to try life's realities—now meet after so long a time, gaze upon one another, and though once most familiar, now unable, for a time to call each other by name.

And there were those two of later years, men now in the noon-tide of life, pressed with the cares and toils of business, but who had left all behind, and from their various dispersions come once more to take each other by the hand, mingle together their mutual sympathies, and revive the cherished associations of former years. And again, men still later times, with countenances yet fresh, and hearts yet warm with the vigor of youth, who comparatively have just entered upon the rugged and perilous scenes of life, come together in still greater numbers, glad to forget, though but for a time, the more active duties and responsibilities, the pressure of which they have just begun to feel, and once more indulge together in the recollections of days and scenes that are past, but never to be forgotten.

None but those who have known the attachments of College life, can appreciate the feelings of those who thus meet, or sympathize with them as the memory of the past comes up before them with a vividness and interest that forgets almost of the years that have intervened, they imagine themselves once more in the heyday of youth. And yet change, change obstructs itself on their observation. Each one is sensible that he is changed. His friends, the once familiar companions of his pursuits and recreations, are changed and changing. The venerable father present on this occasion—what changes are apparent upon them?—and what changes are apparent to them? What memories of other years, and other scenes, and other men—those their instructors, their friends and companions, now no more on earth, must crowd upon them, blinding sadness with their joy. The same noble landscape is indeed before them. Its rich, beautiful, stream-laced valley, with its gorgeous and cloud-capt battlement of mountain and forest extending all around, and guarding its repose, is all unchanged. But what else remains the same, as when in years long gone, by they looked upon and gathered inspiration from the delightful scene? Echo answers—what?

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At 10 o'clock, a procession was formed in front of the chapel, the several classes being placed in the order of their graduations, and all marched to the church, which was soon filled to overflowing. His Honor Judge *Bettis*, of the city of New York, having been elected President of the Society of Alumni, took the chair, being supported on the right and left by His Excellency the Governor and His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth. After appropriate singing by the choir, and prayer, the Rev. Dr. *Hopkins*, Pres. of the College delivered an Address of nearly an hour and a half in length, which from beginning to end chained the attention of the whole assembly. We quote the remarks of the editor of the *Mercy*, in announcing his determination to his readers:—

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The Rev. Dr. *Robins*, the oldest graduate present, after a short recess, followed with an address of nearly two hours long, full of ray and good things. We shall not however attempt an analysis of either of the addresses, as both will probably soon be before the public.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M. the graduates and invited guests again formed in procession, and marched to the green on the east side of the East College, where a bountiful collation was served up under a temporary building erected for the purpose. The viands were of the Freshman Class are highly flattering, and the friends of the College are ani-mated with the cheering indications of its returning prosperity. J. J. O.

(From our Correspondent.)

A TRIP TO CAPE COD.—NO. III.

TAURO, AUG. 6, 1843.

The traveller to from Provincetown, by land, must of course pass Turo. This town is more remarkable than any other on the Cape, for the undulating aspect which every part of it presents. It looks as if immense waves had suddenly been changed to solid substance, and retained the aspect of the heavy billows of the ocean. While the tops of these hills have but a very sparse vegetation, many of the valleys contain valuable farms. The verdure of these valleys, fruit trees and nest and handsomely painted farm-houses, afford a delightful relief to the eye of the traveller as he surveys them from the tops of the barren hills. In the south part of the town, there is a heavy forest, principally of pines. The passage through it is most refreshing to him who has been ploughing his weary way for hours previously through the sand and under a hot sun. There are several places in this forest where the towering and venerable trees, large sheets of fresh water, with white farm houses and verdant meadows adjoining them, with an occasional glimpse of the sea, would form very fine subjects for the painter.

One of the noblest sea views furnished by any part of this coast, is that which can be enjoyed from the Lighthouse in this town. This is one of the most costly edifices of the kind on the coast. It is built of stone. The lantern deck is about fifty feet from the ground, and is reached by a circular flight of steps entirely of iron. The eminence on which it is placed, is the highest on that part of the coast. Northward and Eastward spread before you the vast Atlantic, enlivened, at the time we viewed it, with countless vessels, and quietly reposing its greatness beneath a splendid sun, and barely ruffled at intervals by passing puffs of air.

As many of the families of those who perished were left entirely destitute, an appeal for aid met a most general response from the public, and the money contributed has been so invested, and so wisely employed for the suffering, as to occasion the fervent gratitude of their hearts, and to a man of rejoicing to those who sympathize in their sorrows.

Before closing this series of letters, it may not be out of place to make a remark or two in relation to travelling on the Cape. And we have no hesitation in saying that it is well worth the pains of those not conversant with these borders of the sea, to make the entire journey by land to the terminations at Provincetown. They will be presented with peculiarities of scenery not elsewhere found in the State. They will pass in sight of the largest portion of the homes of more than 5000 sons of the ocean, and a more efficient and enterprising body of men the world cannot furnish. They will find, indeed, the sandy plain and the barren hillock—but so also will they find the noble forest, the fertile valley, the romantic glen, delightful *oases* to the weary traveller. They will not see the rich luxuriance of Berkshire, nor the heavy harvest of Worcester, but they shall see what they shall feel to be most striking exhibitions of the wisdom, power and majesty of the Most High. Their eyes shall be feasted with that vision,

Great eyes!—strength of creative 's sons,

Of Francis R. Gourgas and Stephen Gross.

[Other particulars were published in last week's *Recorder*.]

country have no small share of influence. Still, it has not been difficult that the authorities hated them; and it was usual to hear from time to time, the popular "Down with Jesuits." The Franciscans minic their felt inferiority in the presence of these highly cultivated disciples of Loy. and were not wanting in intrigues tending to them totally exiled from the country two more ignorant but more powerful branded them as having principles ob. to the government. They in their tem. permitted the portrait of Rosas to be placed in altars by the side of their saints. They made some objections; the figures of existing men had no merit compared with wooden forms and relict of the canon.

Jesuit Father, who had less scruples to rest, was employed by the government over the politics of the others. This being, and the Jesuit-Political Father's being, became at last exceedingly troublesome when the Principal of the Institution up his mind to endure it no longer, on the 10th of March last addressed a very humble to the Governor, requesting to be exonerated further association with his unpleas. companion, as the rules of the order could not be carried out, while they em. in their Society in whom they could make and live with harmoniously. The Executive was roused to the effect that the order could be carried out, and published in the papers, to the effect that the Chief of the Police proceeded to effect. Principal Father Jesuit, Don Miguel Cabell, and all the Jesuit Fathers through the province, that they should no longer be allowed to belong to the secularized clerical which capacity they had been permitted in, and that during the eight days preceding the first of April, every soul of them leave the country by sea, not again to return.

The chief of the Police was ordered to decree to each one in the act of emigration to make it more impressive and prevent forgetting it. It is needless to say, in twenty-four hours, all but one took refuge of a fair wind that was blowing, to Monte Video, Brazil, and other parts, training one, who was in the interior, did by his departure much beyond that of the once more Buenos Ayres is free from fits.

Yours, N.

AMERICAN BOARD.—The Missionary for September follows the giving out statement of the condition of the financial year, to the close of the financial year. The Board for the month of July were

The receipts for the financial year, commenced on the 31st of July, amounted to \$257,247. The debt of the Board, on the 1st of August, was \$13,022.

The result cannot fail to be gratifying to the end of missions. During the first eight months of the financial year which has just ended the receipts were only \$140,330, averaging 7,541 per month. Within the last four months the receipts have risen to \$103,833, averaging 25,973.

WICH ISLANDS.—We learn by the *Sep. Herald*, that a communication has been made from Mr. Lyons, dated February 6th, giving a very animating account of mis. results at Waimea, Hawaii, during the year 1822. The number of pupils in the schools considerably increased, and their proficiency was very creditable. The law which makes all children of a suitable age to attend school exerting a favorable influence. Parents reflect to send their children are subject to the pupils themselves, unless they are read and will, will be debarred the right of marriage.

There has been a powerful revival at this during the past year. More than three thousand have been added to the church upon

the communication, about fifty of whom had been

A great number of church members who

honored their profession, have been re-

coined, at Hilo, under date of Dec. 11, also gives an encouraging account of the state of religion and education there. About

have been added to the church in the six

months previous to the above date, and there are any more candidates. All children of a

age in Hilo and Puna are receiving in the common schools, 'though bidden by the papists.'

EDICTORS.—Mr. Jones, in a letter dated Feb. 6th, says, "We have never enjoyed better opportunities for preaching the gospel than last winter, and we have endeavored to impress them to the extent of our ability. Our agents are all more numerous than ever before."

Shocks of earthquakes have been

of late; no damage has been done in

as yet. Great alarm was felt by the

medians, and the astrologers are con-

tinuing the apprehension by their predic-

tion.

FOREIGN.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

PRESENTATION OF THE PEACE MEMORIAL TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The memorial to the Governors of the civilized world, adopted at the General Peace Convention held in London, was communicated to the inhabitants, seeking their signatures to settle their disputes, a reference to unites mutually chosen, was presented to the King of France on the 30th of May, by a deputation, consisting of Messrs. G. C. Beckwith, Thomas Cook, Amasa Walker, and J. R. Willis, of the United States of America; and Rev. Wm. T. Tousey, and Rev. Mr. C. H. C. St. John, of the Society of Christian Morris, the Marquis de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt being necessarily absent. His Majesty gave the deputation a very gracious audience, and assured them he was very happy to receive such a communication. He said he felt a great interest in the subject, and had certainly done all he could to preserve peace in the world.—"Peace," said his Majesty, "is well enough. That is all now costs too much to be often waged; and I trust the day is coming when we shall get rid of it entirely in the civilized world." His Majesty spoke of arbitration as an excellent substitute for war, allied to several instances of its successful application, and remarked, how perfectly consistent it was in those cases with the dignity of the party concerned. On other occasions he spoke of the subject, and said, "I am a great admirer of arbitration, and will do my best to promote it."

EDWARD SMITH.—Governing Ford of Illinois, to the Governor of Missouri, to decline to

take any measures to recapture Joe Smith, maintaining that the laws of the State had been fully executed in the matter of his former arrest.

This seems to be true enough, although there appear to have been some management or a culpable negligence in the conduct of the affair.

Smith was arrested on a writ issued on the request of the Governor of Missouri, and was delivered over to the agents appointed by the State to receive him, succeeded his husband, in 1774, as publisher of the *Boston News-Letter*, and conducted its concerns herself for some time. When the British evacuated Boston, Mrs. D. left with the army, and went to England, where she received a pension from the government.—Anne Catharine Green published a paper in Annapolis, Md., and printed for the colony, before the Revolution.—Mary Crouch, of Charleston, S. C. left that city in 1780, a short time before it was surrendered to the British troops, and taking with her the press and types which had belonged to her late husband, went to Salem, in this State, and opened a printing house, and published a paper.—The Charleston Gazette, previously published by Peter Timothy, was discontinued while the city was in possession of the British. After the war, Anne Timothy, widow of Peter, revived the Gazette, and was appointed printer to the State, and was appointed printer to the State, on Tuesday.—Portland Advertiser.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.—The commission for Robert Rantoul, Jr. as Collector of this port, vice Levi Lincoln, removed, arrived in this city on Saturday last. We need say nothing of the character or politics of either the retiring or the new Collector; our readers probably appreciate those of each.—Dai. Adr.

A NEAT JOKE AND DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Among the alumni present at the preliminary meeting at the Williams College commencement, were Gov. Morton and the Rev. Dr. Curtis, Chaplain of the State Prison. Judge Morton, the president of the meeting, pleasantly remarked, "I am sorry to say, we have got a new collector of the port of Boston." The Rev. Mr. Curtis, who had been over in the State Prison, and he proposed to him to apply personally to the Governor, then on the stage, for an unconditional pardon. Mr. Curtis did so, and his excellency promptly replied—"Your request cannot be granted, sir, unless you alter your conduct." Though a clergyman of the old fashioned and judicial spirit advised his master to do this, he did not do it, but, on the contrary, he was exceedingly delighted with the Youth's conduct.

Mr. Pennington, the colored clergyman of Hovea, N. H., from the title of D. B. was recently awarded by an English University, has

been returned for his city.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN BOSTON.—The examinations and exhibitions of the Public Schools which have recently taken place, have been understood, very well.

At the first examination the Schools were

in a more satisfactory condition than at present.

The last returns show a very considerable increase over the number of pupils of the last year.

The following statistics may not be uninteresting:—

In 18 Grammar Schools, including the School House, exclusive of South and East Boston, 7,533

In 12 Primary Schools, 7,156

Show an increase of about 10 per cent.

The whole number of children in the city between 4 and 16 years of age, by sex, are as follows:—

There are in the Grammar Schools, 52

male and female teachers.

Grammar Schools, 17

building, 2

Prim's School House owned by the city, 65

hired, 44

Whole number of permanent seats in the School House, exclusive of South and East Boston, 4,455

Number of pupils in the same Schools, 3,579

19,175

14,669

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POETRY.

HEALING AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. L. H. SUGGSLEY.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased."—St. MARK, 1: 32.

Jude's summer day went down—
When lo! from vale and plain,
Around the heavenly healer thronged
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pell-mell train, the hectic cheek—
The pale crimped limb with care—
And whose soul dark demons lashed
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand—the lame man leaped—
The blind fold his wo—
And with a starting rapture gazed
On Nature's glorious show.

From his bed of misery rose
The paralytic pale—

And the loathed leper dared once more
His fellow-men to hail.

Mark—on the arm of pining love,
The bosom reclined—

Above unceas'd words of praise,
Relieved the struggling mind.

The mother to her idiot boy,
The name of Jesus taught—

Who thus, with sudden touch had fired
The chasm of thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
He bated ere evening fell—

And speechless joy that night was born,
In any lowly cell.

Eric's evening fell!—Oh! ye who find
The chills of age descend—

And with the lustre of your locks,
The almond blossoms blend,

Yet have not o'er an erring life—
With deep remorse grieved—

But to the safety of the soul
Unstudied—unachieved!

Before the hopeless shades of night
Dostil their baleful dew—

Haste!—hast the Heavenly healer's call,
Whose mercy waits for you.

LITTLE THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;

There's gout in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its fatal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;

A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unkindly strike.

No act fails fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;

Nor what results entold dwell
Within it, silently.

Work and despair not: give thy mites,
Nor care how small it be;

God is with all that serve the Right,

The holy, true, and free!—London *Int.*

MISCELLANY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION
AT MADRID.

Col. Lemanuski, formerly an officer under Napoleon, now a Lutheran minister in this country, and a man of remarkable qualities, recently gave, in a lecture, the following vivid sketch of a scene of which he was an eye-witness:

In the year 1809, being then at Madrid, my attention was directed to the Inquisition in the neighborhood of that city. Napoleon had previously issued a decree for the suppression of this institution, wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to destroy it. I informed him that my regiment, the 9th of the Polish lancers, were insufficient for such a service, but that if he would give me two additional regiments, I would undertake the work. He accordingly gave me the two required regiments, one of which, the 117th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like myself, a minister of the gospel. He is pastor of one of the evangelical churches in Marseilles. With these troops I proceeded forthwith to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The Inquisition was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the wall.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire.

We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed and brought on the ground, to be used as battering-rams.

Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, regardless of the fire which was poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well-directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jeusical effrontry is equal to.

The Inquisitor General, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had but just learned what was going on; they addressed themselves in the language of retort to their own soldiers, saying: "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, apparently, was to make us think that their defense was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could produce in our minds a belief that they were friendly, that they should have better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition to escape. Their artifice was too shallow and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all of the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded through

room after room, found altars and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eye had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched us in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been buried; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander today, and as you say, so it must be; if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined more. Let some water be brought in and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "do as you please, Colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed, that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work, for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab. Others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then we found the Inquisitors grew pale, and as Belsazar, when the hand appeared writing on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone, joint, and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab, now partly up, and we saw a staircase. I stepped to the table and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore what was before us; I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand firmly on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, "My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand; it is holy." "Well, well," I said, "I want something that is holy, to see if it will not shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase. I now discovered why the water revealed to us this passage. Under the floor was a tight ceiling, except at the trap-door, which could not be rendered close; hence the success of Col. De Lile's experiment. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large room, which was the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers who were engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here what a sight met our eyes! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed teachers than we do from one another. White and now, our colored brethren, we appear to you, especially, to those of you who live in towns and follow those precious occupations for a livelihood, which prejudice has assigned to you, would you not be serving your country and your race, to more purpose, if you were to leave your residences and employments, and go into the country, and become a part of the bone and sinew of the land?

And now, our colored brethren, we appeal to you, especially, to those of you who live in towns and follow those precious occupations for a livelihood, which prejudice has assigned to you, would you not be serving your country and your race, to more purpose, if you were to leave your residences and employments, and go into the country, and become a part of the bone and sinew of the land?

Now, in time of peace let us be useful in carrying on agriculture, and commerce, and the mechanical arts. We shall eventually be valued according to our worth.

Before the legislature will make laws to protect us, one of two things must take place. Either the white people must have a revival of faith in their own principles of "liberty," and make equal laws for the love of justice, without regard to what they consider bad character; or we, the colored people, must become more valuable to the State. We must help it to raise a revenue, and increase its wealth by throwing our labor into profitable employment.

We must not only be a nuisance, but we must seem not to be so. Our employers must be of that character that people can see how we obtain our livelihood, and that we are useful. What is it to the State when a waster, or a black-block, or a cook dies? What profit to the State is all their labor? If we, then, as a people, are a useless class, and can show no fruit as the result of our industry, why should we not be suspected, despised and ridiculed? But on the other hand, if our labor is all honorable and profitable, both to ourselves and to the State, we shall have the increased satisfaction of a good living, and a good name, besides something to leave as an inheritance to our children. We see then, brethren, but these two ways of obtaining these captives of their chains, strip themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of the danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and being brought gradually to the light as they could bear it.

When we had explored these cells, and opened the prison doors of those who yet survived, we proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the living sufferer of every age and both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of threescore and ten years, all as naked as the day we were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives of their chains, strip themselves in part of their own clothing, and were sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor from those decaying bodies. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently for a short time, while others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In others we found the living sufferer of every age and both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of threescore and ten years, all as naked as the day we were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives of their chains, strip themselves in part of their own clothing, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of the danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and being brought gradually to the light as they could bear it.

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